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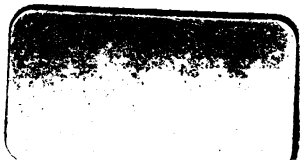
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1. Pastry, American.



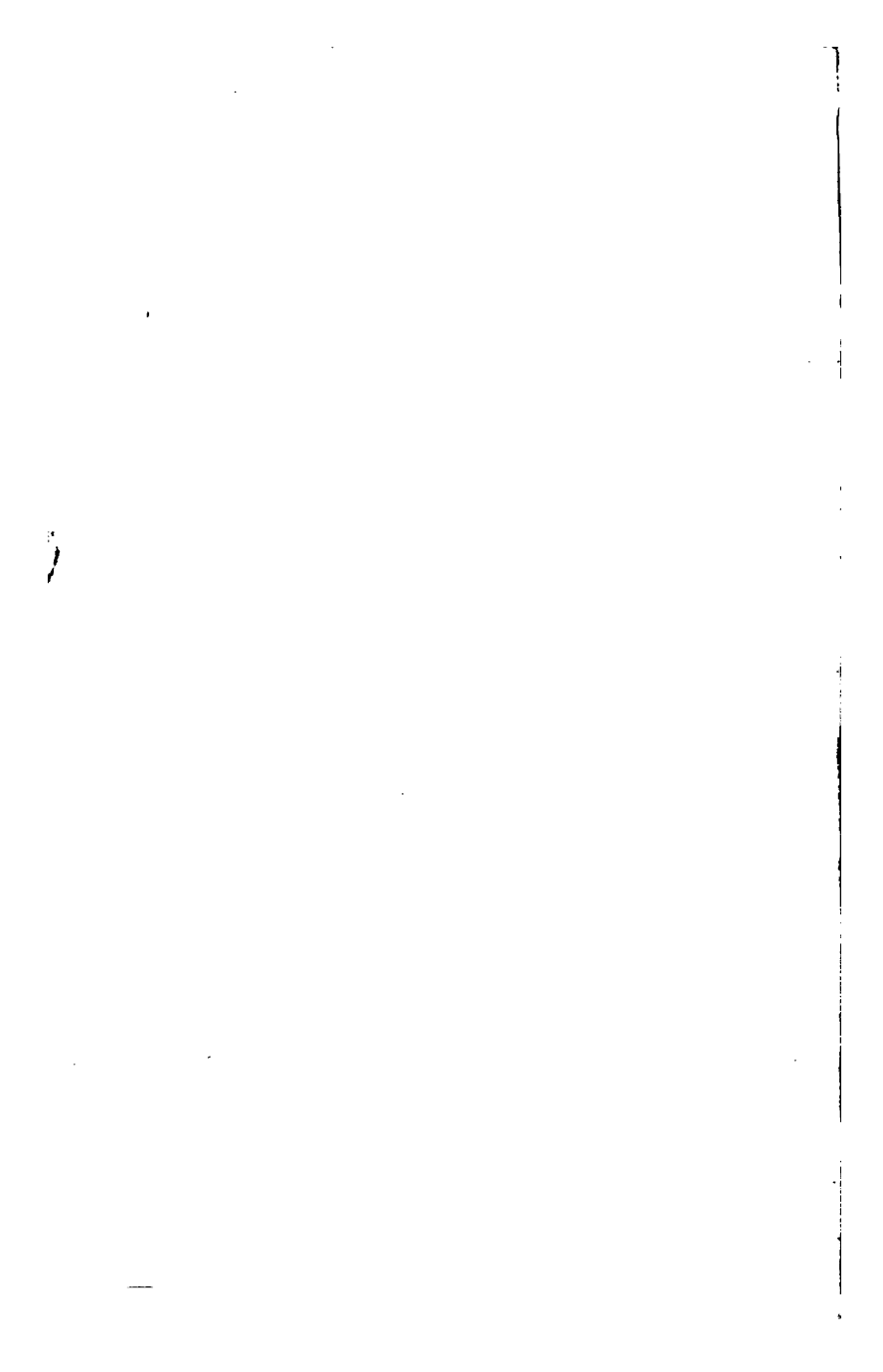
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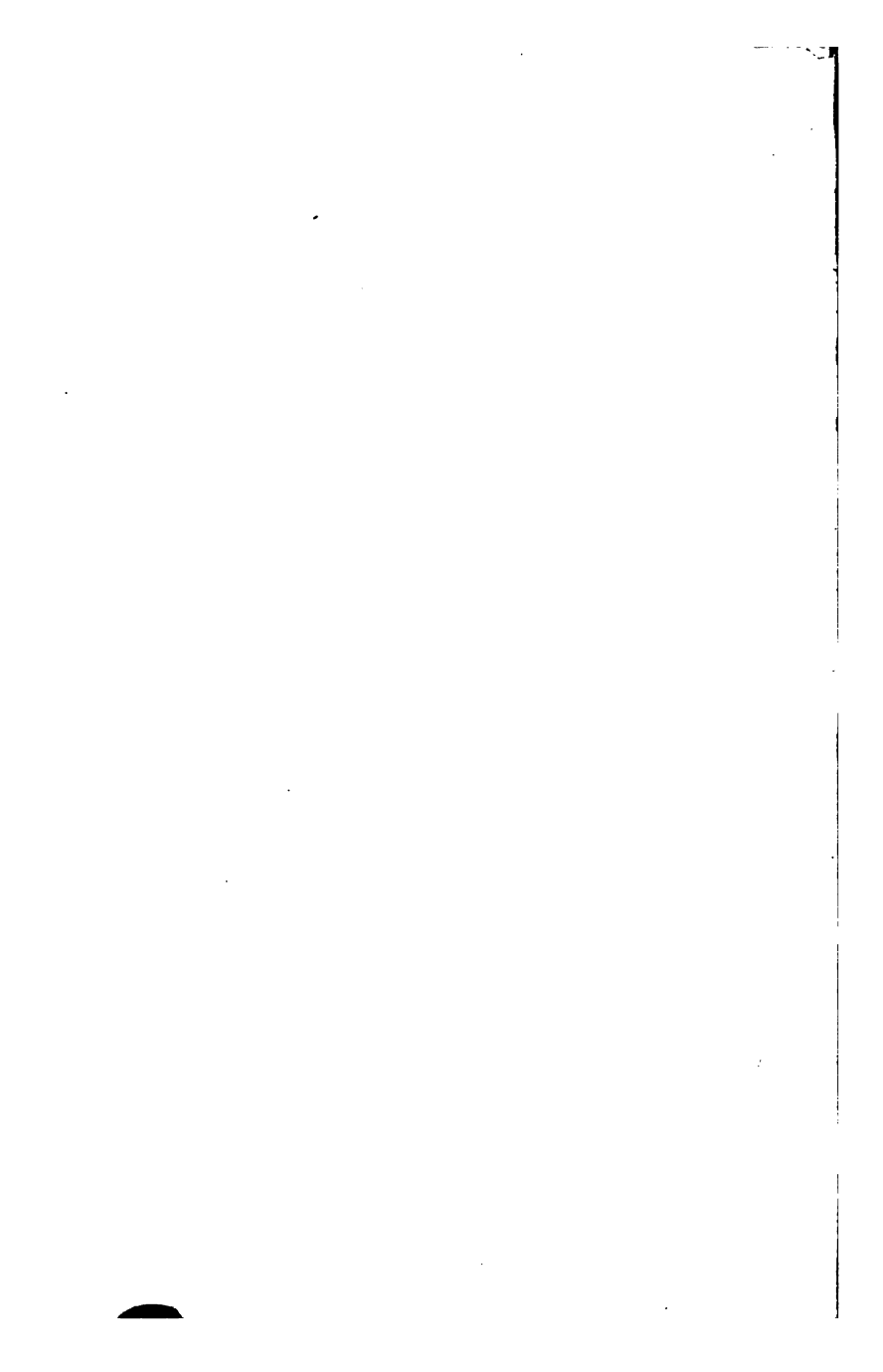
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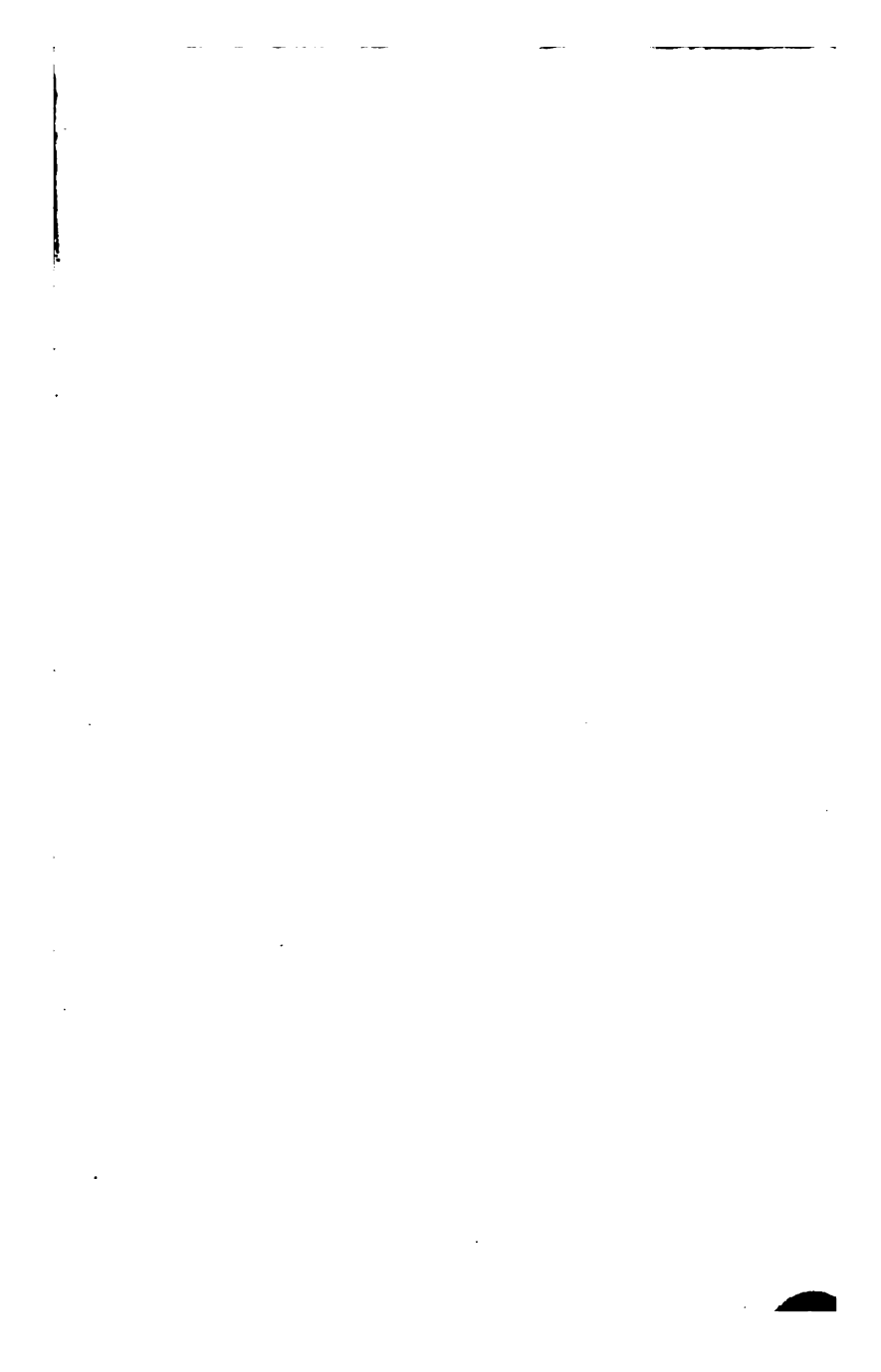
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IMPRESSIONS

A BOOK OF VERSE

LILLA CABOT PERRY



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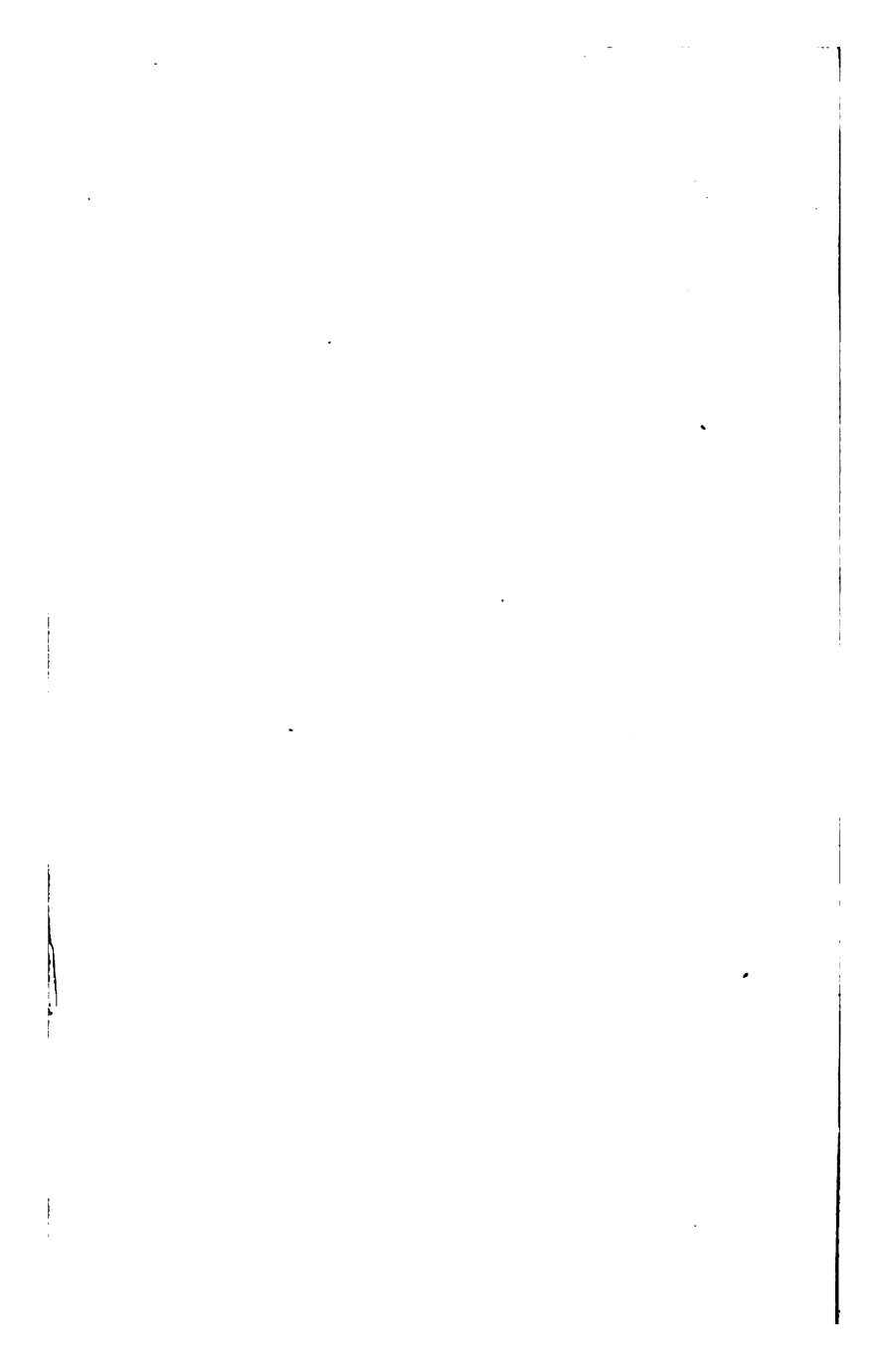
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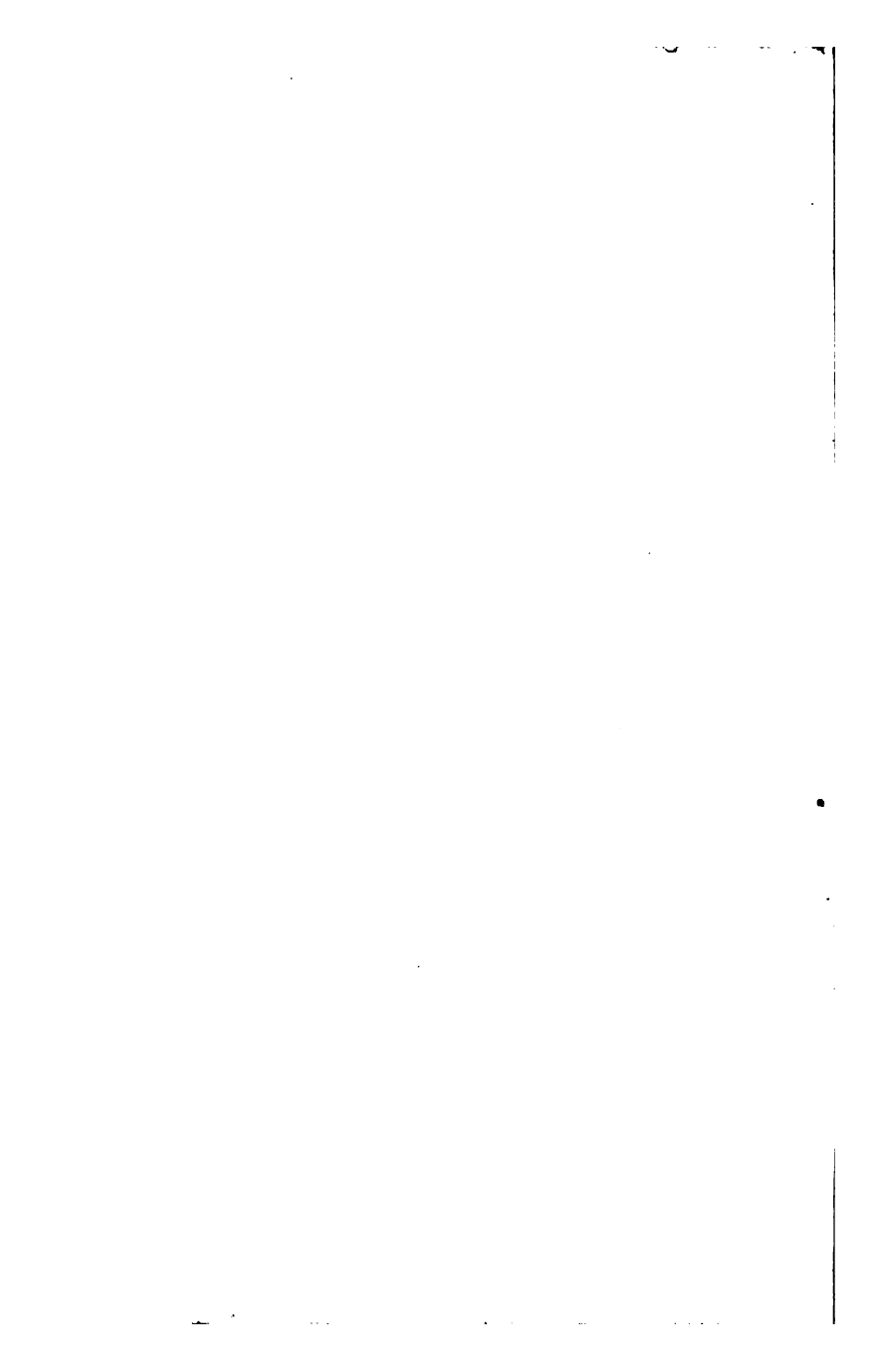
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A LOVE STORY

1

1



A SUMMER EVENING IN THE CITY

IN the soft pulsing darkness here
We silent sit, my heart beats loud
With joyous sense that you are near
Yet dares not speak the thoughts
that crowd

And fill my soul, until I seem
No more myself; but, through the night
Like the pale shadow of a dream
To float and quiver as the light
Faint quivers on the wall.

• The dim light from street lamps below
That slanting strikes above my head,
The sound of footsteps to and fro
This summer night, unreal and dread
All common things strike on my heart,
Like voices weird from bygone years.
In some fantastic way, a part
Of my past life this night appears,
And you the soul of it.

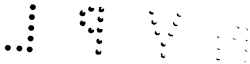
Your shadowy form across the room
Seems stretching shadowy arms to me;
Our souls embrace in the soft gloom,
Not two but one they seem to be,
Held breathless by this night's strange power
Which we may never feel again,
Farewell and greeting in one hour
We say to keenest joy and pain
Which yet is but a dream.

HIS MORNING THOUGHT

A WHITE flower bloomed in the
morning
And I saw it and knew it fair ;
When the next day dawned I sought it
But missed it everywhere.

A white star shone in the evening
It shone through my dreams and my sleep
Till its shaft of light pierced through my heart
As a stone through waters deep.

Though you love not and reck not of me
I have found my flower in your hand
And your white soul's light hath cleft a heart
That can know and understand.



LOVE'S PRAYER

LOVE without hope cannot endure,
you say;
Let mine eyes utter what you know
too well,
Thus shall their sad insistence ever tell
A love you should not scorn or drive away,
A love in sorrow growing day by day
Like those pale blossoms in the shade that
dwell
But reach more strenuous toward the half
guessed spell
The sun faint flickering through thick leaves
would lay.

I ask not of you what you cannot give,
I ask for this my love but leave to live,
Since dying it must suffer keener pain
Than living for your sake, though all in vain,
Yet not in vain if you grant one last prayer:
Let others share your joy; with me your
sorrow share!

I ASK NO MORE

OUR crowded life has then no place
for me?
Your busy day for me no little hour:
I cannot tell my love with eloquence
As others use — I can but feel love's power.

The silence of the stars must speak for me;
The gray slow dawn when sleepless night has
fled;
The quiet marshes where the sea comes in
A conqueror, though none have heard his
tread.

Give me the lonely hours, the silences,
The quiet musings by the marshy shore,
One moment's thought when all the world's
asleep, —
Give me but these and I'll not ask for more.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

THE flower of friendship has been
touched by frost,
And think you it can ever bloom again,
Waking from its cold sleep with struggling
pain

To raise its drooping head, all tempest-tost,
And win back its rich hue faded and lost?
Alas, your tears and kisses all are vain!
The hapless flower that your neglect hath
slain
Shall wake no more to count life's bitter cost.

No! Let it fall upon earth's pitying breast,
Dead leaves of hope heaped high above its
head!
So dear it was that I no tears can shed
Nor dare to look upon its place of rest.
You can shed tears, and I thus cruel seem,
Since 't was my life and but your idle dream!

THE TRUTH ENTIRE

DO repudiate your unjust blame.
Ah, dear one, can those eyes I love
be blind

And in my free avowal fail to find
The truth entire? — I should myself defame
If, seeking pity, further fault I claim.
Nay, more, 't was yours to loose my soul, not
bind;
Against self-doubt to be my champion kind
And shape past weakness to a nobler aim.

Swift as the lark that springs to meet the sun,
The soul will spring to meet the higher
thought;
Deeds must be dreamed before they can be
done,
And battles more by faith than steel are
fought;
Believe me, dearest, what you 'd have me be!
Thus giving courage and humility!

A SHORT SEPARATION: HE

AH summer, with this night you crown
the year!

The golden moon her richest treasure
flings

O'er fragrant grassy slopes, — the cricket sings

With cheery tinkle, yet my listening ear

Finds tender sorrow in its cadence clear, —

Past the warm meadows bathed in misty light,

I seek the woodland path where yesternight

We wandered arm in arm. — Now I am here

Alone: — The whippoorwill sings from the
bough

Not, “ Whippoorwill ” he sings, but “ Where
art thou ? ”

My grieving heart but echoes back his strain,

Throbbing this perfect night with new-born

pain,

For all this loveliness I fain would share,

Whispers my dreaming heart “ Where is she,
where ? ”

A SHORT SEPARATION: SHE

DO you perchance in some dim forest
nook

Like this, dream as I'm dreaming?

Does your gaze

Pursue the intricate beauty of the haze

Of tangled sweetness overhead, your book

Forgotten where it fell while toward it strays

Your inadvertent hand? — Dear! though the
maze

Of alien boughs you thread with dreaming eye

'T is but to reach beyond them the same sky!

HE IS DEJECTED

WE know not if we had a life before,
We know not if a future life we have,
And yet we know love lives beyond
the grave;
And glad I'd die to live at your heart's core
Wrapped in your love and grief for evermore.

If from oblivion your love could save
And I might rule where now I am love's
slave
I'd welcome Death though stern the smile he
wore.

I'd welcome Death nor fear his mysteries
Would you but seal my last breath with your
kiss,
I would relinquish life without one sigh.
As others long to live I'd long to die,
If loving you could any virtue prove
My heart were sure of Heaven — a Heaven
of love!

LOVE'S GIFT

“**A**H Love, true Love! I pray thee to
me give
That gift thou grant'st those eager
hearts alone
Who serve thee best, nor other master own,
Since thus in thy sweet bondage do I live!” —
Comes sadly to my heart Love's low replying:
“Pain is that gift vouchsafed to Love un-
dying!”

EXILE: HER SPOKEN THOUGHT

H F I said "Hopeless love was never
found"

'T was that I vainly strove my heart
to cheer

And struggled to forget the trembling fear
Which shook me, when my heart with sud-
den bound

Heard a new sweetness thrilling in the sound
Of my friend's voice knelling our parting
drear, —

Since friendship turned to love would cost
him dear.

A woman and unloved, a queen discrowned,
I'll seek a joyless exile for his sake.

Let me go forth from that fair province where
So late I ruled serene, nor knew the ache
Of love in banishment. Love fed on air
Consumes in pain. His love I must not take,
My joy too dearly bought by his despair!

EXILE: HER THOUGHT UNSPOKEN

DON'T KNOW not if I love. When you are by
I know not, see not, think not aught but
you!

Despairing love my portion when you sue
Despairingly, yet must I love deny
Hoping thus to regain identity
And find once more of my own heart the
clue,
Nor grieve that I escape when you pursue,
Like fawn whose heart is with the hounds in
cry!

Let me go far away, that thus alone
When time and space us two shall separate,
My heart may clearly speak and thus discover
If you and I be really two or one?
For when Imagination masks as Fate,
One might love Love and think she loved
the lover.

SHE IS FRIGHTENED AT HIS ANGER AT HER RESOLVING ON A LONG ABSENCE

DOUNDLESS as ocean is your love;
yet dark
With sudden storms erewhile it whelms
my soul

In waves of doubt and bitterness that roll,
Like winter seas, on some poor helpless bark,
Dashing it rudderless on cliffs that rise
Sudden o'erhead, while moaning fog bells toll
For those who die so near their wished-for
goal,
Which shrouded in white mist before them
lies.

Then at my grief you change and tender seem
As that same ocean on a summer morn,
Bringing sweet comfort to my heart forlorn
Till sorrows past but turned to joy I deem,
For all my grief that in your frown was born
Dies in your smile as in a happy dream.

A LETTER SHE WROTE BUT DID
NOT SEND



AY not you 've "lost" me, the word
like a stone

Falls on my heart. Though I'm no
longer near

To clasp your friendly hand and call you dear
And cheer the sadness that is only known
To my divining love, you 're not alone!
My loving thoughts still bear you company,
Drive them not from you, oh, forget not me!
Nor reap in tender leaf the love just sown.

My written words must find their instant way
Straight to your heart as spoken ones have
done

In those too happy days so lately gone
When I was with you and you still were kind.
Or have I lost you? 'Tis for you to say —
Me you can never lose but only find.

NO LETTER FROM HIM!

PAST half forgot me? Once I was
thy mind.

Dost but half love me? Once I was
thy heart.

What once thou gav'st me left no more
behind.

I give all back nor care to keep a part,
Where once I reigned I leave an empty throne,
But fill it worthily, I ask alone.

SHE THINKS HE IS CHANGED

ALONE to-night, the myriad stars
above,
The ocean softly breaking at my feet,
My heart is full of one I did not love,
And yet whose memory is strangely sweet.

Another holds his future in her hand
E'en in his present is for me no place,
Yet as the waves to-night break on the sand
I hear his voice, I almost see his face. —

Farewell to-night, beside the stars and sea
Forget me, with the sorrows of thy past ;
Alone am I, and yet thou art with me
More truly now than when all mine thou wast.

SHE LOVES

THERE is delight in loving, though no
more
You claim my love and oceans roll
between,

The waves that beat upon your distant shore
They wait not for your bidding. You have been
My friend for long; but since I did depart
You say you will not love, and for me sigh
But rather tear me quickly from your heart.
So be it, dear, God bless you and good-bye!

Yet there's delight in sorrow of love born
A fair sad moon from out a stormy sea
Rising above the sobbing waves and torn
By riband clouds across its face that flee —
Such grief for me, for you forgetfulness —
I ask no more, you cannot give me less!

SHE HOPES

THINK not you can forget me! I
have won
From your great love grief's immortality
My shadow in your heart when I am gone
And absence can but bind not set you free!

SHE DESPAIRS

THOUGH I may look upon thy face no
more,
Though love's own sweetness heightens
love's regret
My sorrowing heart would this one grace implòre,
That I may *never* and thou *soon* forget!

HER LETTER ON HEARING HIM
ILL SPOKEN OF

I THOUGHT you of a grander make
Than Nature fashioned you ;
I built your image in my heart
More large, more bold, more true.

I held you to the higher aim
And wearied thus your soul,
Nor knew your timid heart preferred
A lower, easier goal.

The mountain-tops were not for you
The valley small was best ;
Who upwards struggle towards the heights
Must ever know unrest.

Now you are smiling, smooth, content
And easily forget
The mountain-tops your bleeding feet
Trod long ago, — and yet !

Sometimes a long-forgotten thrill
Wakes 'neath the solemn stars,
Your valley small a prison is
Though flowers conceal its bars. —

The quiet midnight speaks to you,
You draw a sobbing breath !
You 'll climb once more those star-crowned
heights
The other side of death !

SELF-ENCOURAGEMENT

REJOICE, O Soul, in the morning
Awaken at last to thine own,
This life was not meant for thy
scorning,
Nor sighing, nor making of moan.

This life was not meant for thy scorning
But to teach thee thy weakness, thy might !
Rejoice, O Soul, in the morning
And lift up thy face to the light !

HIS ANSWER

MY weary soul leaps to its feet,
My courage grown so small
Springs suddenly to larger life,
Waked by your trumpet call.

The chains of cowardice and sloth
Your word has stript from me ;
I go rejoicing to the fight,
Your faith has set me free.

Up, up above the battle smoke
Your banner I will bear,
Up to the heights you bid me seek,
And you shall see it there.

Shall see it waving in the sun
And pain and wounds are naught
Since I have conquered by your faith
And reached your higher thought !

HER ANSWER TO A SCEPTICAL
LETTER

THE world so deafens you, you do not hear
A voice that calls and calls to you in vain !
Though you refuse His joy He holds you
dear

And gives to you his anguish and His pain.

Do you not feel that life can never die ?

You love, you hate, you strive, do you not
guess

What power is yours through all eternity

To live, yourself, mighty to curse or bless ?

HIS ANSWER

TRUTH dwells upon the mountain-tops alone.

Through various ways we all must seek it there.

What though I climb o'er rough-hewn path
of stone

And thou o'er flowers, we breathe the self-
same air.

We breathe the selfsame air, the selfsame
love

Encompasses and leads us on our way,
Our faces turned to the same skies above,
By various ways to the same God we pray.

Then let us feel the bond that makes us one,
Though different be our mood, our thought,
our speech,

Let love unite us all beneath God's sun
That shines for all, nor chooses each from
each.

Truth dwells upon the mountain-tops alone;
Truth shines into our hearts from Heaven's
star;

Truth teaches us that multitudes are one,
And hearts are one that seek it near or far!

ON RECEIVING HIS LETTER

AT night beneath the solemn stars I
stood
And watched the spacious loveliness,
but yet
Life's struggle and defeat could not forget,
To-morrow's terrors trembled in my blood!

One came and said "Receive into thine heart
Vast starry courage from the heavens above;
In this great universe whose law is love
Whose end is victory, thou hast thy part."

MEETING AFTER LONG ABSENCE :
AS SHE FEARED IT WOULD BE

HERE in this room, where first we met,
And where we said farewell with tears,
Here, where you swore "Though
you forget

My love shall deeper grow with years,"

Here, where the pictures on the wall,
The very rugs upon the floor,
The smallest objects you recall, —
I am awaiting you once more.

The books that we together read,
From off their shelves they beckon me
All here seems living ! What is dead ?
What is the ghost I fear to see ?

Unchanged am I. — Did you despise
My love as "small" — it fills my heart !
You come — a stranger from your eyes
Looks out — and meeting first we part.

AFTER LONG ABSENCE: AS IT WAS

TOLD myself in singing words
That you were changed and I was true
I would not trust winds, waves and birds
That change was not in you.

I sang love's dirge before we met
"As murdered corpse in river bed
In eyes my heart cannot forget
I see Love lying dead!"

You came — one look — no word was spoken
Our hands, once clasped, forgot to part
And though our silence is unbroken
Heart has found rest on heart.

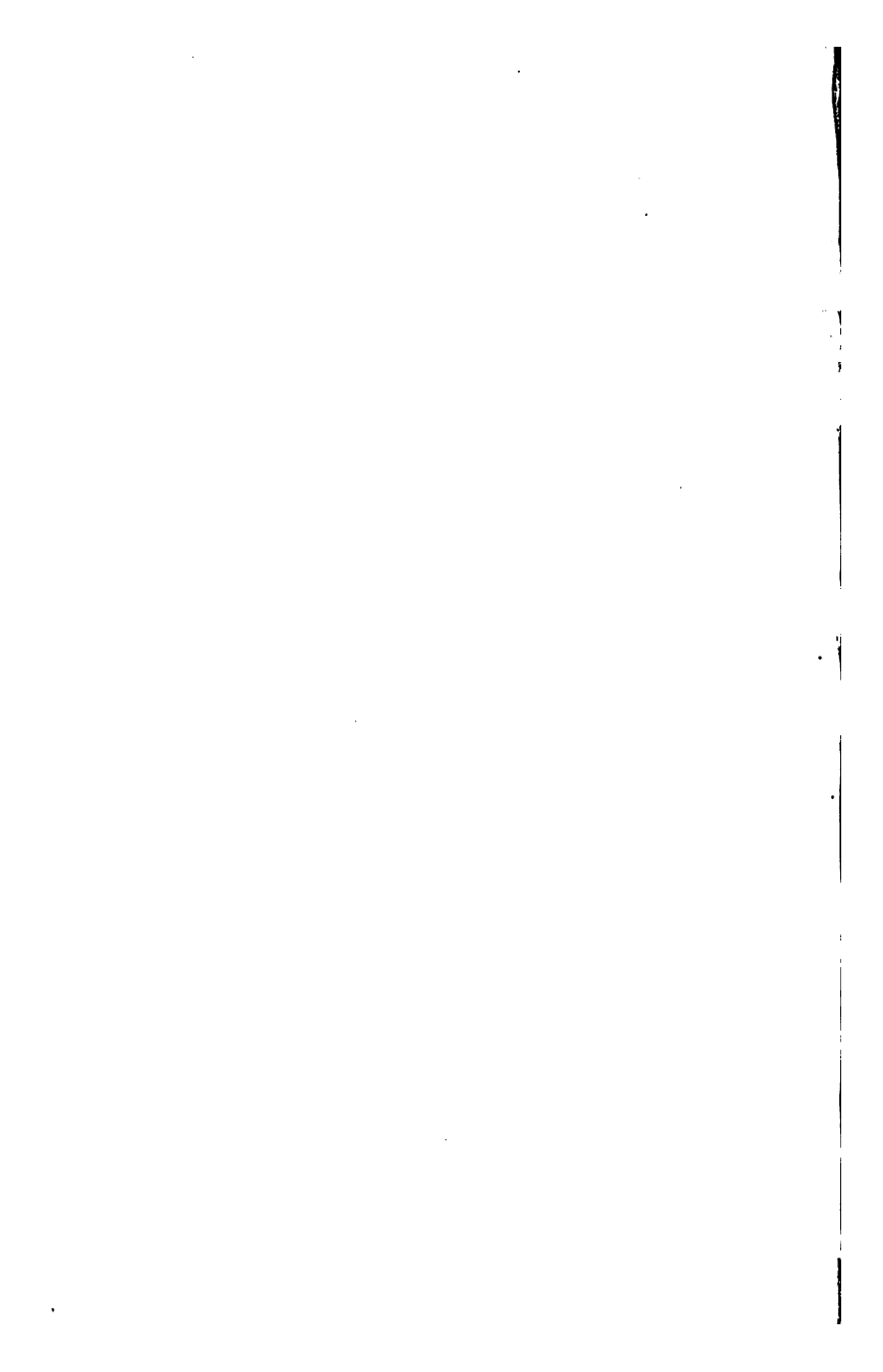
THE END

THE moon through trackless forests
finds a way,
The ocean's pulses swell beneath its sway,
Whom sacred love hath joined can never part,
Heart of my heart.

The waves that gently lap the sands at eve,
The winds that sobbing through the forest
grieve,
They are thy messengers of peace or strife,
Life of my life.

All high endeavor draws me close to thee,
Space cannot dominate the spirit free,
Thy love, my part, makes me know God, the
whole
Soul of my soul.

LOVE AND DEATH



LOVE AND DEATH

LOVE'S not Death's slave and
fears not his undoing;
Life is of all Love's foes most
pitiless,
And custom tarnishes what in the

wooing
Seemed all the heart's desire of happiness.

Death is Love's friend, and sets a holy seal
On all the past that never can be broken.
Its beautifying touch knows to reveal
On lips long silent eloquence unspoken.

DEATH, THOU ART BEAUTIFUL

DEATH, thou art beautiful, and happy
art thou, Death!

And thy strange calm and smile
remote shall hold

A peace unbroken by my sobbing breath,
My living lips that tremble at thy cold.

Yet thou art beautiful, and happy art thou,
Death!

For in the grave love lays to rest all fear
Change cannot come, and never perisheth
The joy of memories daily grown more
dear.

Yes, thou art beautiful, and happy art thou,
Death!

My trembling lips no more shall fear thy
touch,
My dear one is with Him who truly saith
“Ye shall cast out all fear by loving much!”

SORROW

THE youthful heart in its first sorrow
cries
“None suffer as I suffer! None
can know

Such misery and live!” And grief’s surprise
Enhances thus its woe.

The heart grown old, whom Sorrow leads
aside

From paths of happiness, to know her face,
Submissive sighs : “Yes, men have lived and
died

By myriads in this place !”
And feels with added pang that grief as keen
Is, and has been.

AT SORROW'S WINDOW

AT Sorrow's window many faces be,
But one so gently young, so pure and fair,
That I must wonder in such place to see
That face, yet love it more for being there.

So might an angel look, who, earthward sent,
Our world of sordid cares and hopes to
know,
Stands with an air of sad bewilderment
Discerning what we cherish here below!

One day in passing I looked up in vain,
From Sorrow's window looked that face
no more,
"Dear Girl!" I cried, "you are gone home
again,
But ah, this world is poorer than before!"


TOO LATE

THE grief that wrings my heart to-night
Is old as Love and stern as Fate,
But yesterday I was unkind
And now I grieve to-day too late.

I stretch to you imploring hands
And naught I grasp but empty air,
The loving words that were your due
I sob, too late, in futile prayer.

The grief that wrings my heart to-night
Is your love's message to my soul
And life cannot contaminate
What memories of you control.

NOT DEAD

OU are not dead, your voice speaks to
me ever
And bids me know you living and
still near
Death is not death that has no power to sever
One strand of the love that holds you ever
dear.

You are not dead, I joy in your freed spirit !
I fear no longer death or solitude ;
The immortality you do inherit
You share with me in all its plenitude.

IN DAYS GONE BY: RONDEAU
REDOUBLÉ

IN days gone by when you were here
I little heeded what you said ;
I watched the skies above me clear,
I listened to the thrush instead.

To this same spot my feet are led
By thoughts of you another year
The selfsame pine-trees rose o'erhead
In days gone by, when you were here.

Their slender forms to-day they rear
Aloft in the same beauty spread
But ah ! The thrush's song I fear ! —
I little heeded what you said.

And now, as starving man for bread,
I'd spring to catch one word of cheer
Yet when with love my heart you fed
I watched the skies above me clear !

Once more on the same pine-leaves, sere
And fragrant 'neath the summer's tread,
I lie and think with many a tear
“ I listened to the thrush instead ! ”

I listened to the thrush instead,
Yet could I now one accent hear
Of that loved voice forever fled ! . . .
I knew not that you were so dear
In days gone by !

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

ARTIST and woman, daughter, mother,
wife, .

In her white beauty smiling here she lies,
Solemn yet joyful are the mysteries

Her closed lips tell us of! — Eternal life

Is hers. Eternal peace. — Hush! weep not
lest she hears

And joy relinquishes to share your tears!

THE SMILING DEAD


THE smiling dead, for whom the sun
shall rise

No more, I pity not.

Grief's for the living who with longing eyes

Cry "Death hath us forgot!"

SOME GRAVES THERE ARE!

OME graves there are where Death
will not abide
Love makes of them the very homes
of Faith
More life than lives in all the world beside
Lies hid their turf beneath.

LIFE AND DEATH

Phrixine. Τίς δ' οἶδεν, εἰ ζῆν τοῦθ', οἱ κέκληται θανεῖν,
Τὸ ζῆν δὲ θνήσκειω ἐστὶ;

EURIPIDES, *frag.*



H ye who see with other eyes than ours,
And speak with tongues we are too
deaf to hear,

Whose touch we cannot feel yet know ye near
When with a sense of yet undreamed-of
powers

We sudden pierce the cloud of sense that
lowers

Enwrapping us as 't were our spirit's tomb,
And catch some sudden glory through the
gloom

As Arctic sufferers dream of sun and flowers !

Do ye not sometimes long for power to speak
To our dull ears and pierce their shroud of clay
With a loud-thought cry : " Why this grief at
' Death ' ?

We are the living you the dead to-day !
This truth you soon shall see, dear hearts,
yet weak,

In God's bright mirror cleared from mortal
breath ! "

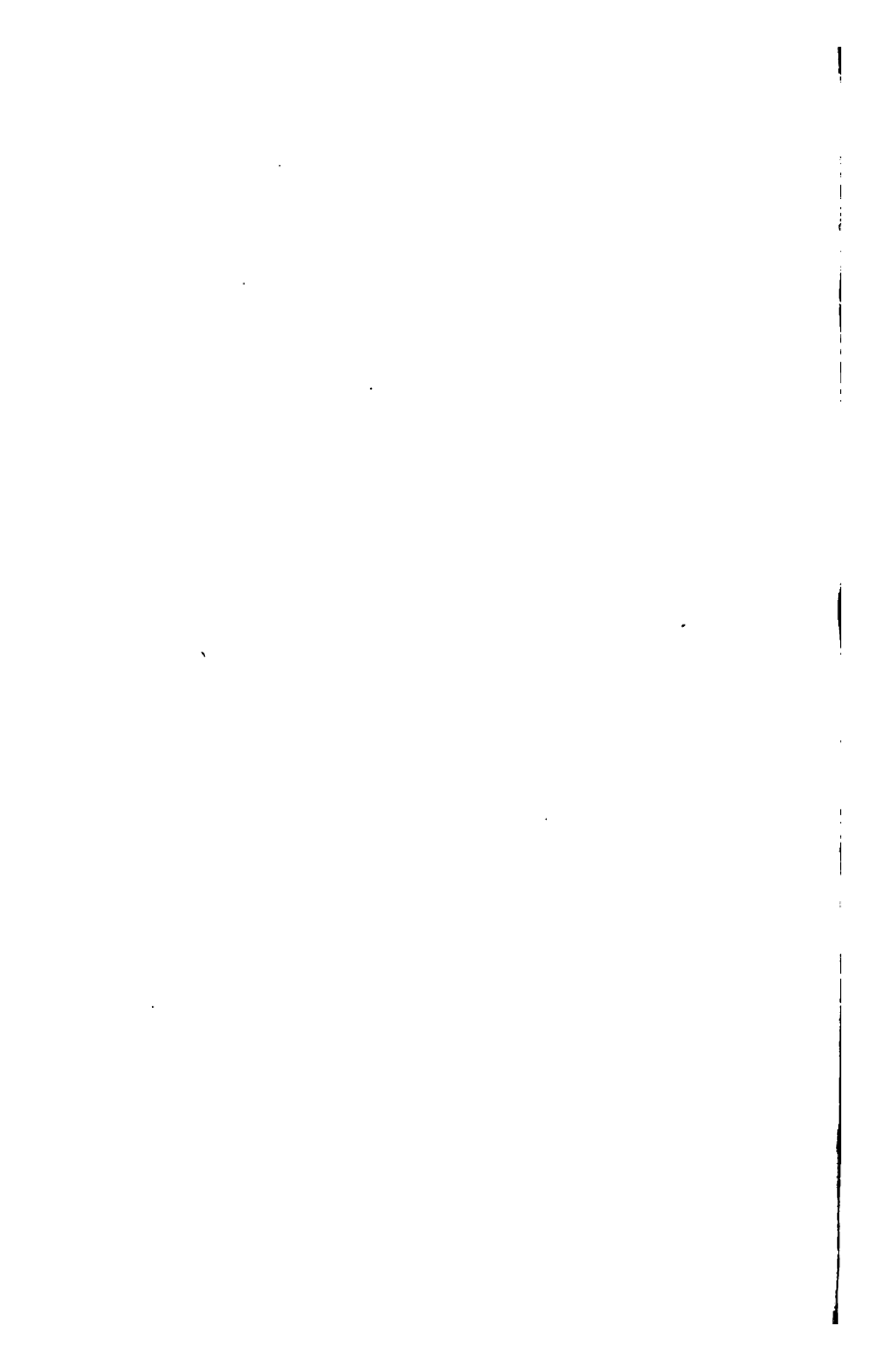
A WORD FROM A FREED SPIRIT

H, dear ones, dear ones, do not grieve.
Think! 't is my *joy* for which you
sorrow,

Try but to *feel* what you believe! —

That you shall be with me to-morrow.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



ART

WOULDST know the artist? Then
go seek
Him in his labors. — Though he strive
That Nature's voice alone should speak
From page or canvas to the heart,
Yet is it passionately alive
With his own soul! Of him 't is part! —
This happy failure, this is Art.

ALLSTON'S PICTURE OF LOR-
ENZO AND JESSICA

TWO silent lovers sitting side by side
In the still twilight of a summer eve,
They pensive seem, yet not as those
who grieve,

But on the waves of Fancy softly glide,
Conscious of love and beauty, naught beside :
Finding from life's hot struggle blest reprieve
In this blest moment when the world they
leave,

Which stretches out behind them fair and
wide

'Neath tender fading light, yet fairer far
The world they see as hand-in-hand they
dream.

While on the breeze floats soft, melodious
swell

Of faint-heard music, that to them might
seem

As if it came from yon clear-shining star,
And was at once Love's greeting and farewell !

A RAINY DAY WITH THE AN-
THOLOGY

THE skies frown on me through the
falling rain,

I smile on them for answer, and return
To my low chair beside the fire again

And to my book upon whose pages burn
Verses whose beauty makes all else seem vain.

What though the rain pour down from dawn
to night,

What though my door turn on its hinge to
none,

I would not have these fancies put to flight,
But dream these dreams unbroken and
alone,

Naught to disturb this delicate delight.

WITH A BOOK OF VERSE

TAKE once more what is yours: since
it is mine
I'T is surely yours! If it have aught
Of value, yours the praise.— Let not the
wine

Deny the grape! Its lucent ruby bright
Is but the lingering of the stored sunlight
That dwelt in the grape's heart and ripened
there

Through the long summer days when cold
and care
And parting were unknown — and, O my
friend!

In sending you my book, your own I send.

WITH A FLOWER FROM CARNAC

PLUCKED this bit of yellow gorse
for thee

By a huge menhir where on Carnac's shore
The long waves murmur dirges evermore
For men dead ere the birth of history. —
Here once they lived whom Time's immensity
Hath quite o'erwhelmed, and blotted out their
page

From the world's book! On them may
learned sage

Descant, and poet dream, here by the sea!

But none may know what were their thoughts,
their lives —

None e'er may know! none living or un-
born! —

Were these their tombs built where the strong
sea strives

In vain to hold the warm elusive sands?
Were these hard by their altars, where forlorn
They stretched to Heaven imploring empty
hands?

CHÂTEAU D'HAUTEFORT: NOW

A SUNLIT castle on a solemn height
Whence the broad distance rolling like a sea
Stretches below light-bathed immensity !

The glory of thy past has taken flight,
But not thy beauty, Hautefort ! That shines
bright,

Though loyalty and truth and constancy
In the last seignior's grave all buried be
And he has joined his king, that last true knight !

Hautefort ! once strong to shelter, at thy feet
The little feudal village lingers still,
Like group of frightened children that have run
To seek protection. While its slanting street
The purple shades of falling twilight fill,
Thy towers, still glorious, catch the vanished sun.

This castle belonged to the late Comte de Damas, an intimate friend and devoted follower of the Comte de Chambord, Henri V. of France. The Comte de Chambord bequeathed to the Comte de Damas the white flag with the three lilies, this was placed to the

CHÂTEAU D'HAUTEFORT: THEN

ENTHRONED upon thy hills in
stately pride,
Hautefort! in thee the past doth live
again

Here with his thousand armèd men in train
Bertrand de Born brought his fair girlish
bride.

Here the Black Prince in vain for victory
sighed,

And stormed against thy mighty walls in vain
As some o'ermastering flood sweeps bare the
plain

But breaks against the steadfast rock its tide.

This was that France for which so many gave
Their lives with joy, and watered with their
blood

The thirsty dust, from which her lilies sprung,
And knight and clown served her in brother-
hood!

For them a foreign prison or a grave,
For her the glory which her poets sung.

right of the altar in the castle chapel, and beneath it
the Comte de Damas was buried, at his own request,
the fringe of the banner just touching the tombstone.
The castle is mentioned in Dante's *Divina Com-
media*, as "che già tenne Altaforte," *Inferno*,
XXIX. 29.

FAILURE

EACH conqueror hath his singer, none
have they,
The unrecorded multitude! and yet
Why should we the great struggling mass
forget

Whose dying bodies pave the victor's way? —
Are they not heroes who can stand at bay
To fight a losing battle! — Cheeks are wet
And hearts are wrung, but when God's task
is set
'T is theirs to strive and die amid the fray.

And they die silent! — In that mighty throng
Are pale-lipped mothers with strained anxious
eyes
And youth deprived of joy and strength
grown weak,
With bare and bleeding hands they fight the
wrong
And crushed by failure some poor hearts
must break,
Yet o'er their graves the path of victory lies!

THE SOUL'S SELF

MY friend, do you believe I rate my soul
As better than it is? — Then let it be, —
Nor rob me of the nobler part of me.
Better a half truth than a lying whole,
I *am* that part I would myself conceive.
'T is through such errors martyrs face the
flame
Smiling, and keep down cowardice for shame
Since they in God and in *themselves* believe!

What is the Rose? 'T is not a thorny bush,
But June incarnate bidding hearts rejoice;
This small brown bird is not the woodland
thrush,
But all the summer's sweetness in a voice;
The soul's true self is that which closest lies
To the great silent heart whence all things
rise.

THE SECRETS OF ALL HEARTS

IF it be true that on the Judgment day
The secrets of all hearts shall be revealed
Had I the power to choose I'd not arise,
But sleep forever in my tomb tight sealed!
Bare, shivering souls, stript of this kindly clay,
Shall we not fear e'en the most loving eyes?

TO TIME

TIME! men have chidden thee with
deep-breathed curse
And challenged thee as Love's re-
lentless foe,
Time! at thy feet I lay my humble verse,
For thou hast ever helped true love to grow.

Fancies, like butterflies, 'neath the first frost
Fall lifeless at the fading flower's feet,
But Love loves on unheeding pain and cost
And clasps the thorns where roses once
were sweet.

Ah! blest be pain and cost, since but the
more
Through them doth Love increase to meet
Love's need
Till thou, O Time! throw wide that garden's
door
Wherein, Death-sown, blooms Love's un-
dying seed.

REPENTANCE

WHEN suddenly all self-condemned we
stand
And see the chaff lie thick upon life's
floor, —

The besom, waved with over zealous hand,
Sweeps grain with chaff its eager strokes before,
And all our hopes of harvest seem undone.
But, the long winter of repentance o'er,
The gentle spring returns with shower and sun
And where was erst gray dust beside the door
One day is half imagined and half seen
A sudden lightly scattered veil of green
And faint hope trembles into life once more.

SYMPATHY

IF all my heart cries out to you
My lips could say,
To your sad heart with comfort true
'T would find a way.

But love's each heart-throb holds far more
Than words can tell:
Silent I stood before your door,
Tears silent fell.

GRIEF'S LONELINESS

ALONE and unaccompanied must thou go
Through Sorrow's portals, for thee
opened wide,
While I, who 'ld follow thee to share thy woe
In helpless sympathy am shut outside.

I beat with clenched fist that iron door
Within which thou alone confront'st thy
fate ;
Dear Heart, whate'er thy pain, I suffer more
Who powerless to aid thee here must wait.

MEETING AFTER ABSENCE AND
CHANGE

CAN I indeed be I, and you be you,
Happy yet parted? This far stranger seems
Than all the wild imaginings of dreams,
And yet your face that once so well I knew
Smiles through the whirling darkness — yes
'tis true!

The past is past — and memory without pain
Wakes as I feel my hand in yours again
And pictures in my mind our last adieu.

With trembling voice, cold hand, and paling
cheek

You said good-bye at sunset — and alone
Went stumbling down the hill to meet the
night

And I — I watched the ever-fading light
And felt my heart slow turning into stone
And waved the last farewell I could not
speak.

IN THE MORNING

THE first cold grayness through the
pane is stealing,
And blinding terror with the rising sun
Strikes on my shrinking heart and bids it shun
The inexorable day, which in revealing
My wakeful grief shows that which knows
no healing,
Since not for me, but for a dearer one,
And not for innocent pain but sin that's
done —
Done, unforgettable and past repealing —

All night I've looked into the eyes of sorrow,
And still she gazes at me with your eyes,
In whose loved depths such anguished
question lies,
As if from mine some piteous hope they'd
borrow.
The day is come and soon you will be here,
God give me strength! I fear, I fear, I fear!

TO A DESPAIRING LOVER

YOUR love you cherish more than
life, you say,
And with hot tears each night to
Heaven you pray —

Not for release, not that you may love less
Or in some other heart find happiness,
But that you may love more, with love more
high

Grown worthier, purer, each day till you
die. —

Ah, sweet young love, that to such prayers
can move!

Ah sweet, mad folly, wisdom far above!
Your sorrows are another name for bliss,
In days to come perchance you'll think of
this,

With lips that smile and eyes that gaze
through tears,

Seeing the beauty of that youthful dream,
Down the long leafy vista of the years,
Where sunlit grief as fair as joy shall seem!

ONCE MORE

THE rustling pine-trees overhead.
What do they say to me ?
Once more I part with one now dead,
Beside the dashing sea.

Once more we stand there, hand-in-hand,
Upon that lonely shore ;
Hopes break as waves upon the sand,
And love must live no more.

Once more I gaze in those dark eyes
That seem the world to me ;
Once more my heart awakes and sighs
For what can never be.

WHAT THE BROOK SAID

“WHY are you laughing?” said the
brook to me,

“Why are you laughing? Blest are
they that weep!”

And all my laughter trembled into tears.


Past lips that smiled slow heavy tears ran down,
As sudden raindrops fall when southward
veers

The wind, seeking the leaves long fall’n, the
birds long flown.

“Why are you weeping?” said the brook
to me,

“Why are you weeping? Blest are they that
sleep!”

IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION

OU ask if I can love you as you are,
As I with all my faults am loved by you ?
Since you see Heaven shine in a drop
of dew
Could I then, Dearest, miss it in a star ?

SONG

THE song we never sung
The pine-trees sigh in chorus,
The eyes our eyes must shun
Our hearts keep still before us.

The rose we gathered not
Blooms in the soul forever,
And hands ne'er clasped in life
Death hath no power to sever.

SONG

A LOVE than love more pure,
Friendship than friendship dearer,
This feeling shall endure
Through life and draw us nearer.

A day without day's heat,
A night without night's terrors,
A friendship yet more sweet
Than love, without love's errors.


Whene'er my soul is wrung
With a delicious sorrow,
By songs of heroes sung,
From them new joy I borrow,

Since thou my hero art,
And thou canst me inspire
With courage e'en to part
From thee, if Fate require.

Though cut by Duty's knife,
Our love's chain joins unbroken :
Though kept apart by life,
We meet in prayers unspoken.

A love than love more pure,
Friendship than friendship dearer,
This feeling shall endure,
Till glad Death brings us nearer.

SONG

H, dark eyes, that but grow the more
tender
As you look through the mist of long
years!

Ah, sad voice that cried: "Angels defend
her!"

Then ceased, broken by swift-flowing tears.

How could angels be deaf to such pleading,
Whose echo rings through my heart yet?
While that last prayer to Heaven was speeding,
My heart first forgot to forget.

From what should His angels have kept me?
Love's agonies, doubts, and love's fears,
All love's torrent of grief has o'erswept me,
And no angel takes pity or cheers.

I hear but his voice and its sorrow,
I see but his eyes and their pain,
And yet, if he came on the morrow,
Perchance I should grieve him again.

CHERRY BLOSSOMS

THE blossoms white have covered the tree,
The blossoms that crowd when comes
the spring.

These blossoms white are my songs to thee,
All, all my songs, that to thee I sing
From the deepest heart of me.

They are many as many my songs to thee
As the crowding blossoms that shield your
head,
From the sunlight now, — soon, soon to be
A carpet white for your feet instead,
When they fall and forgotten be.

Though 'neath thy feet they die for thee
On the cold black earth, with another spring
More blossoms white shall cover the tree,
And thine, all thine, are the songs I sing,
As the singer must ever be.

DECEMBER

HOLD winds have swept the frozen
furrows bare
The leaves, Spring's whilom mes-
sengers and summer's pride
Now brown, unsightly rustle through the air
And soon in sodden heaps are pushed aside.
All birds are silent save the sullen crow
Who croaks exultant o'er the year's defeat.
Why does this desolate season fairer show
Than all the glory that made summer sweet?
This miracle, dear Love, thy voice has
wrought,
For which in vain I listened, listened long;
While waiting Summer's beauty went as
nought:
Now all seems loveliness and full of song!

HERE I LIE DREAMING : RONDEAU

HERE I lie dreaming, and the breath
of spring

Fans my hot cheek, while softly
whispering

Sweet thoughts of my dear Love and of the day

When at her feet upon the grass I lay

And watched the budding boughs above us
fling

A rosy challenge of sweet blossoming

To tempt the birds in the blue air that sing. —

Once more, as then, 'neath blissful Fancy's
sway

Here I lie dreaming !

The selfsame songs above my head outring

The selfsame joy wantons through everything

The selfsame birds light on the blooming
spray

My heart, in vain, seeks thee the old sweet
way,

While to thy love as bird to spray I cling,

Here I lie dreaming !

TO HELEN


ACEPT the flowers along thy path-
way, Sweet !

Incurious of the seed thou hast not
sown, —

Though poor the heart, 't was ever thine alone;

Though small the cup, 't was emptied at thy
feet !

TO HELEN WITH A HAND GLASS

HOULDST know the face that ever
comes between
The world and me,

The face that from the hour when first 't was
seen

I ever see ?

Look in this glass ! But ne'er for thee will
shine

The spirit's fire

That lights up eyes and lips when thoughts
divine

That face inspire.

If to all others it is beautiful

I cannot tell ;

That of my life it is not part but whole

I know too well !

LOVE, ART THOU GONE?

MUST once more in thine eyes' deep
heav'n I look
To read the tenderness I would not
know
Till love confessed itself and from us took
A joy too great to live on earth below.

Just once more, though the only word : Fare-
well !
I hear thy love speak in each thrilling tone ;
Though cold the word, the impassioned ac-
cents tell
That we are parting for love's sake alone.

No more, no more ! This handclasp is our
last,
Alas, how hands will cling when hearts are
one !
Thou sharedst my sorrows in the happy
past,
Love, let me bear thy grief ! Love, art thou
gone ?

LADY OF THE MOONLIGHT

DEAR Lady of the Moonlight, here we
walked,
Dim tree-tops arched mysterious over-
head
Wild shrubs, unseen, about us as we talked
Warm fragrance shed.

Great oaks their gnarlèd boughs triumphant
tost
In the strange beauty of that summer night
The moon in darkest forest tangle lost
Was hid from sight.

But soon she netted in her silver snare
The woods and pierced their thickets dark
and sweet,
My heart was taken captive unaware
And trembled at thy feet.

Dear Lady of the Moonlight, yet once more
This summer night our forest path I seek,
Thy gentle presence near me as before,
Thou dost not speak.

Yet all the beauty of the night finds voice
To speak of thee! I know thee by my side
And in thy love shall to all time rejoice
Though thou hast died!

MUST I THEN WOUND THEE ?

MUST I then wound thee? Firm I
hold the knife
Yet 'twixt it and thy heart I fling my life.
Then strike, since strike I must, and gladly
feel,
As through my hot heart goes the chilling
steel,
That e'er it pierce thy heart, as pierce it must,
My breast has caught the first force of the
thrust,
And thus shall rob the steel of its cold sting,
Ere it reach thee, warmed by the streams that
spring
From my love's fount, so dear it shall have
grown
Fresh from my heart thou'lt welcome it to
thine own.

LOVE AND ANGER

F Love from out the citadel thou'd thrust
Then drive out Anger too, Love's nimble
page

Dancing attendance for the promised wage,
Forgetfulness — yet only paid on trust!
Love's cloak of pride were trailing in the dust
But for his ready services, and yet,
As ready payment he can never get,
For Love and Anger both gnaw memory's
crust.

If thou canst not forgive her, thy heart's core
Still holds an altar to her consecrate!
There burns the lamp, if lit by love or hate,
Though thou fling stones where flowers were
placed before.
'T is not for the forgetting, be it said,
That savages heap stones above their dead!

EL MIHRAB: THE HOLY OF HOLIES
OF THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA

WHERE have men prayed a thousand
years and more,

Hastening from beggar's hut and
kingly throne,

Moslems and Christians kneeling on this
stone

Have furrowed it; as anguished tears that
pour

Down smooth fair cheeks slow hollow path-
ways score,

Here have they brought their grief, here made
their moan

And here each seeking heart has found its
own

If "Allah" or if "God" they did implore.

Down the long pillared aisles the organ's
chant

Rolls soft and distant, as through forests vast

The wind at night makes solemn melodies,

Borne on its rhythmic waves what visions
haunt

The dreamer's fancy of the storied past,

What pageants, pathos, anguish, victories!

TO A BRIDE

THU youthful roses all to lilies turned,
Thy head droops shyly like a lily fair :
Thy slender height new dignity doth wear :
Sweet seriousness thy very smile hath learned
And eyes now wistful sink, where late have
burned

Bright girlish flames. — And yet a charm
more rare,
A sweet pathetic grace, now lingers there
And tells of joy that yet hath grief discerned,

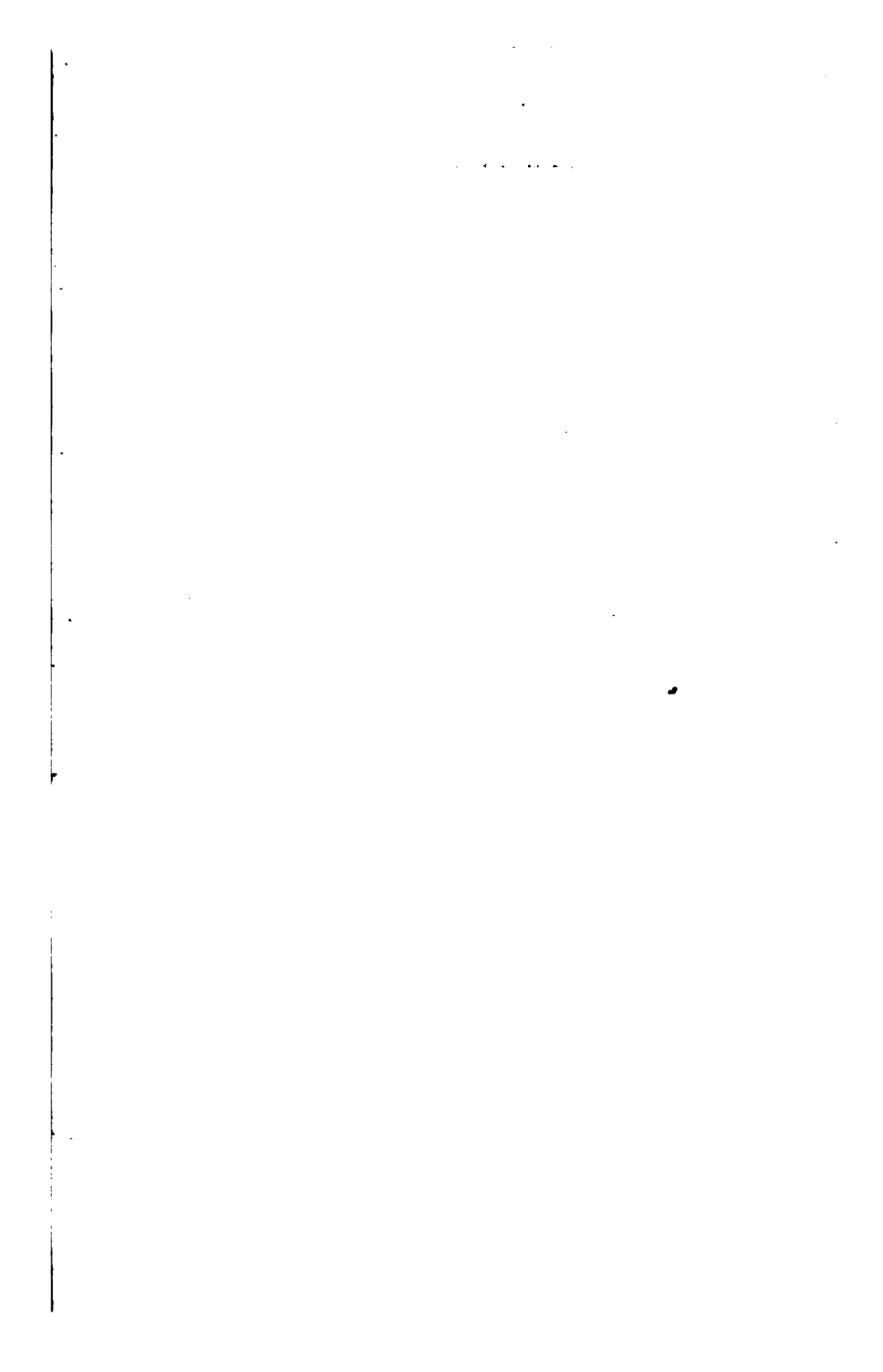
Since only those who know the high delight,
The awful bliss of loving with the whole
Informing force that lives in a pure soul,
Can dimly guess at Sorrow's deadly might. —
But far from thee may Sorrow ever dwell,
Encompassed round by love — then — Fare
thee well.

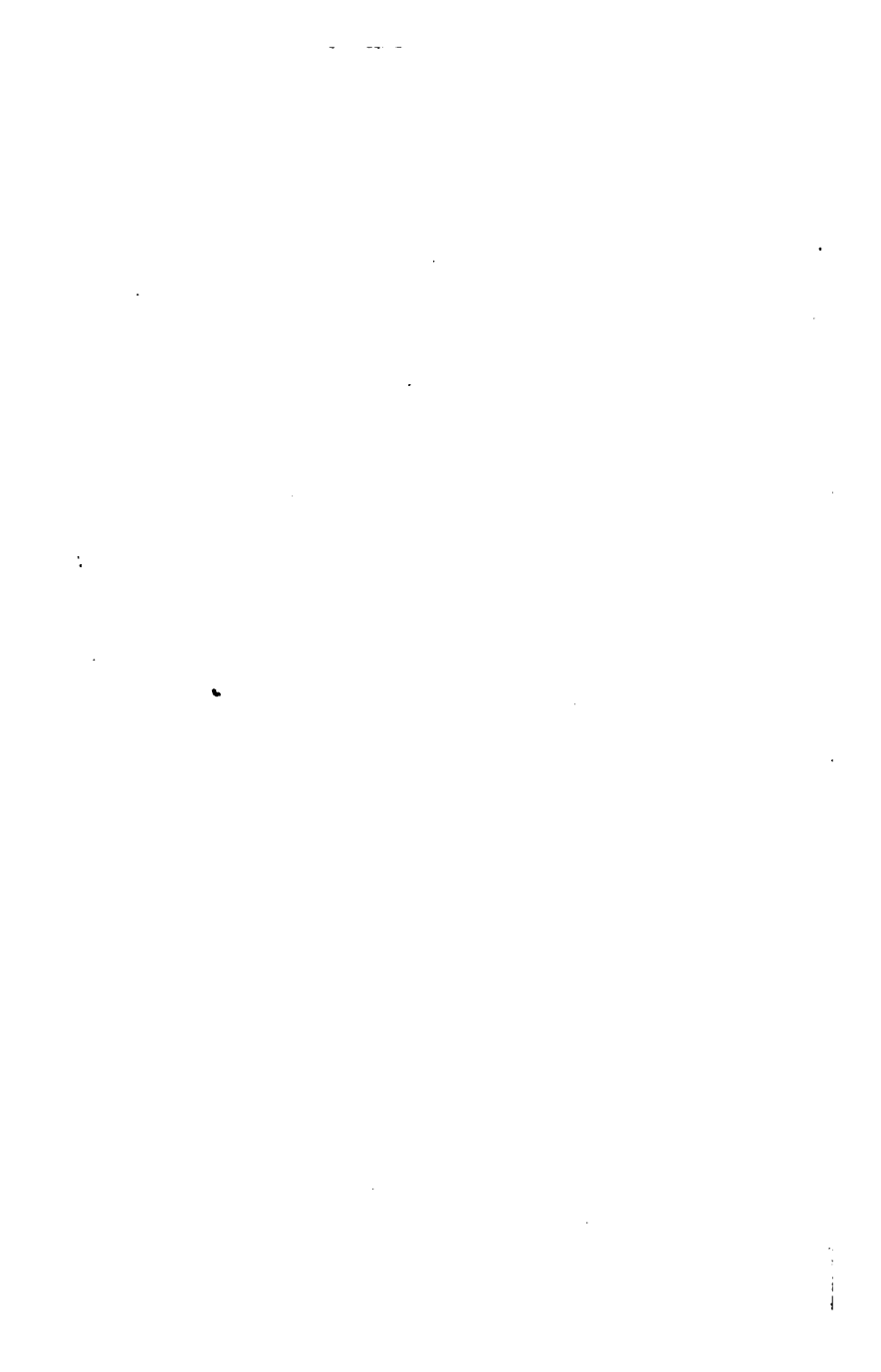
HORSEMAN SPRINGING FROM
THE DARK: A DREAM

“HORSEMAN, springing from the dark,
Horseman, flying wild and free,
Tell me what shall be thy road
Whither speedest far from me?”

“ From the dark into the light,
From the small unto the great,
From the valleys dark I ride
O'er the hills to conquer fate!”

“ Take me with thee, horseman mine!
Let me madly ride with thee!”
As he turned I met his eyes,
My own soul looked back at me!





IMPRESSIONS



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